

BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

The motion picture was being taken, with Stubby and Button in it. The actor had fallen over the table, the lady had gone to help him, and Button sat on the sofa watching.

When everything had quieted down and the two lovers were sitting side by side on the sofa, the actress, pretending she was shy, picked up Button and held him up to her face to kiss. Fatal moment for her, for true to his plans, Button planted one claw in her wig and pulled it down over her eyes, while with the other forepaw he scratched her face, and clawed her breast with his hind ones. She screamed with fright and threw him from her and then tried to adjust her wig. Seeing what a predicament she was in, her lover jumped up and began to help her, but alas! just then Stubby ran from under the sofa, upsetting him, and he fell on his face, dragging her wig all the way off and leaving her sitting there totally bald. She threw up her hands in horror and rushed off the stage, while her lover tried to kick Stubby, who was now running away.

Helps Hunt

"Do you mean that big black cat and cute little yellow dog that I saw pictures of on the billboard at the moving picture theatre?" "I sure do! Dem is the rascals I've been looking for."

Applauded

Stubby and Button met behind the scene, where they passed the other actors and actresses, who were clapping their hands and shouting: "Well done! Well done! It could not have been better. It was a thousand times better and funnier than the way we had planned to have the scene!"

Enter Barn

Seeing a barn door open, they

dashed in and, seeing no one, ran up a pair of stairs into a hayloft, where they hid themselves in the hay by digging a hole and partially covering themselves. And they were quite out of breath and ready to rest after their exciting escape, I can tell you.

"They will never find us here," said Stubby. But he had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth when he heard Nick saying: "Snub, you look behind that pile of boxes and barrels while I look in this barn."

"I'll help you look for them!" and Stubby and Button could hear the men moving barrels and boxes as they looked behind and in everything.

Think They're Safe

"Did you find them, Nick?" asked Snub, as he appeared in the door. "No; they must have gone further along before they disappeared. We better run ahead and let them other boys what I see coming look around here more careful like for them"—and Nick

and Snub ran out of the barn and down the alley.

"We're safe, Button," said Stubby, if that Swede doesn't take it into his head to look for us up here, I'll bite his legs so he can't walk if he comes up."

"And I'll climb up his legs and claw his face so he can't see out of his eyes if he interferes with us," said Button.

But the Swede did not find them, and they stayed there until it was night and pitch dark. Then they clawed out of their hiding place in the hay and, jumping upon a window sill, they made a spring to a low shed roof below the window and disappeared in the shadows.

Back to Studio
After the men from the studio went back and told Mr. Dates they could find neither Stubby nor Button, he threw up his hands in dismay and exclaimed: "That settles it! Never again will I try to produce a play that has animals in it. They are enough to drive one crazy, besides making one as nervous as an old woman and as cross as a setting hen. I'm done, I tell you, after this play! But the worst of it is we have so much already done on this one and it has cost so much to produce it that I feel I must go through with it, even if we have to find another dog and cat and train them. But this time we will look out for animals that are quiet and have good dispositions, not ones that are fiery and frisky like these were. I don't think there is any use in trying to bring them back, for if we succeeded in finding them they would be so unmanageable that we could not make them go through their parts anyway."

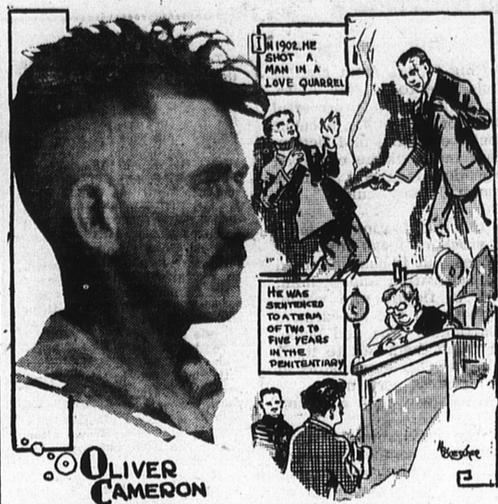
"Mr. Dates," spoke up the actress who had been scratched by Button, "you have come to a very wise decision. That is, if you cared to keep me in the part, for I would not act with that cat again for a thousand dollars cash. He came too near scratching my eyes out."

"And we don't blame her, either," chimed in all the other actors and actresses, who were standing around.

Offers Reward

"Well," said Mr. Dates, "as we have no dog, cat or goat we can't go on with the play until new animals are procured and Billy either found or a new goat bought. It will be much easier to replace the dog and cat than that goat, for I tell you what, that goat does some good acting and some dandy tricks, and it will take a long time to train another. I am going to put an advertisement in the lost-and-found columns of all the daily papers and also post it on our billboards offering a big reward for his return. Let me see, how shall I word it? I guess something like this:

Confesses Crime After 22 Years to Ease Conscience



The "rogue's gallery" photo of Oliver Cameron

By Central Press
BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 13.—

Oliver Cameron, 51, is happy today behind the bars of the Alabama state penitentiary. He has not been happy for 22 years, during which he has fled the spectre of a friend he thought he had killed.

In 1902 he quarreled with William J. Gay here. Cameron then was a young man, 29 years old, violently in love with his landlady. At that time the woman was engaged in a business transaction with William E. Gay, Cameron, jealous, disapproved of the deal.

So wrought up did he become that he arose one morning and met Gay near a small stream to discuss the affair. The argument further enraged Cameron and he drew a revolver and shot Gay three times. Gay dropped to the ground and Cameron fled.

Believing that Gay was dead, Cameron sought distant climes. He lived for several years in Central and South America, and finally drifted to the Pacific coast. Always his conscience harassed him,

every way but I couldn't. I really didn't know what love was until I met him. I saw him at a dance a week ago and he spoke to me as if it hurt him. He once told me he loved me and said it as if he meant it. He often talked of marriage, but didn't ask me to marry him. I want to call him or write him and if he doesn't care for my love then something serious will happen I believe.

A. B. R.

If you telephone or write to the young man, it will be running after him and he will be disgusted with you. Your only chance of getting him back is to have a good time with others and act indifferently toward him. In that way his jealousy may be aroused and there is a chance he will come back to you. You must not be cowardly about your disappointment. Surely you want to smile through your heartache as bravely as other girls do. An experience like yours is not an uncommon thing, because disappointment in love is an experience which comes to almost all men and women. At first the future will look very black, but you will just have to trust in better times and try with a brave heart to hide your unhappiness.

SUSANNA.—You are quite right in trying to forget the young man. He tired of you because you made your love for him so evident and invited him to go with you so often. It was also a mistake to keep telephoning him; no man likes that. In the future give your friends more freedom and do not show resentment when they do not ask to see you on the nights you consider regular.

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FALSELY ACCUSED
Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl of 30. I came here a year ago to work for some people. I met a young fellow of 23 and we went together for some time. Then one night he accused me of something that was not so. He didn't come down any more to see me. My thoughts were of him for weeks. I stayed in and tried to see him in

HOW'S YOUR HEALTH?

By Dr. W. F. Thompson

Nobody yet, With agilitie, Has been accused Of senilities.

Attention to cause prevents the effect.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, but not the giver of measles.

They get their share of good fresh air who sleep on frosty porches.

If we'd pay more attention To the cause of our ills, We'd find that prevention Beats big doctor bill.

Four dollars will prevent typhoid fever. It costs four hundred to have it.

The higher the score the cleaner the dairy; the fewer the germs the cleaner the milk.

They deceive themselves who think that they have been "threatened with pneumonia." Pneumonia makes no threats.

And we used to keep baby Continually "stewed" On the narcotized toddies That grandmother brewed.

Some day we are going to pay doctors to keep us well, holding them responsible for any sickness that we may acquire.

Cleanliness being next to Godliness, there are no roller towels in heaven.

IT WAS TOO SWELL

At a select resort the men had a good deal of civic spirit; bought apparatus and organized a fire company.

One night when most of the members were at a dinner party a slight blaze broke out. The alarm was promptly answered, the caretakers at the engine house distributed hats, and the hose reel was manned. A stranger who was thinking of buying a house watched the outfit go by and shook his head.

"I fear this place is too swell for me," said he. "Even the firemen wear evening dress."



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CROSS ALLEY TOURNAMENT SUNDAY

AT

THE AMERICAN

RAILWAY EXECUTIVE IS NEW PRESIDENT OF SEARS, ROEBUCK



Charles M. Kittle, who started 30 years ago as a water boy with a section gang, and worked himself up to senior vice president of the Illinois Central R. R., has been chosen as president of Sears, Roebuck and Co., succeeding Julius Rosenwald.

I must admit that your letter makes me feel that there is much to be said on your husband's side of this story. Your spirit is bitter and you look upon your marriage as a benefit for yourself and not a partnership in which both parties are benefited. If your husband does not question what you do with your half of the money and supports your daughter in a willing spirit, you ought to be very thankful and in return let him have his freedom with his half of the money. You are so antagonistic toward your husband that it is no wonder he is disagreeable in return. It is certainly a bad habit for him to contradict you, but your friends will respect you more if you do not fight back. The way he acts reflects on him alone. You could get much more enjoyment out of life if you would co-operate with your husband in the things he does. Try to help him get the machine and take a pleasant interest in it. If that is your spirit there is far more chance that he will let you run it.